

THE GIRL IN THE HAMMOCK

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WHEN who hammocks must trill. Such is the law of summertime. Break it at your peril, oh, Maiden Fair!

Unless you propose to swing in the back yard. Then no laws prevail. You may wear a 24-cent wrapper and Oxfords that have run down at the heel. You may put both feet up and go to sleep; or you may permit one pedal extremity to hang over the side and flop your oldest slipper up and down at the heel just as much as you like. For nobody will see you and you know it. This screed is not for you, Miss Backyard Belle. You will do as you please, anyway. And nobody cares.

Any gentle hints in the art and science of hammocking; in the costuming while so engaged; and in the deportment of same, which may follow in this column belong exclusively to her who hammocks before an audience.

Said audience may consist of one only—the Appreciative Man—or it may be the whole neighborhood, who incidentally will pass in review at 7:30 p. m., as soon as little Willie Jones has spread the interesting news that—

"Mayme Smithers is sittin' in her hammick an' she's got on blue-striped stockin's with lace up the front, an' her shoes must pinch her awful, 'cause I saw her take one off when I went to the mail box, an' she hid it under her cushion and then sat on one foot."

The girl who is fortunate enough to own and to properly manipulate a hammock always knows where to swing it—in the most effective place, I mean. Side lawns are preferred. Retired nooks behind shrubbery

are considered choice places; and a rear garden, with hollyhocks growing in a clump at one side, and the hammock swung from an old eyemore to the grape arbor, with a trellis of roses making a complete screen in front, is, by all odds, to be chosen as the best of spots.

Having swung your hammock in the chosen place and added your cushions, nothing else remains but to add yourself, properly attired.

Now for the frills. Lace-trimmed petticoats are absolutely essential. The lacier the better.

Embroidery, even Swiss, won't do. Knots of baby ribbon, in shades of blue and pink, adds much to the ensemble. It's sure to be effective when the hammock gives a side glance or two, as it will in the course of one evening.

The subject of shoes and hosiery, which comes next for discussion, should, by rights, have a whole chapter to itself, so vast and comprehensive is it.

The questions of individual taste and the prevailing style; the size of one's feet, and the shapeliness of one's ankle, all must be considered, and exhaustively.

It might as well be stated right here that if you wear anything less than size 2½ in shoes and your ankle is tolerable, you may don hose and shoes of almost any sort that you please. Your feet are sure to look well—nay, more, to be generally fetching.

Beyond size 3 one must exercise care and thought. Reserve your French and Cuban heels for the hammock. That is about all that they are good for, anyway. Besides, they look pretty.

Don't, above all things, wear those bulldog, thick-soled walking Oxfords of yours

for hammocking. They're all right when you're upright; but if they are allowed to obtrude themselves on the notice of Jack's distinguished friend from Memphis, whose Southern ways of flirtation are a moonlight delight, he'll think you sensible—and that's all.

Another "don't": Leave those colored or white silk laces out of your low shoes, and this not only for hammocking, but for everything else.

I can't imagine where that hideous fad started this summer. Over on Morgan street, in all probability.

Your hosiery may be in tints to match your dainty frock, or it may be black, with the prevailing lace-work pattern, or merely a dropped stitch, which is always in good taste.

The girl with wavy hair, full of tendril and the kind that twinkles in sunlight, has a big advantage in a hammock. She knows the mussier her hair gets the better she looks. She also knows that those favored masculines who may see her thus will be cognizant of the fact as well.

And that reminds me of one of the best uses for a hammock.

I learned of it through a charming youth who spends frequent days down at Donovan farm, in company with certain parties of jolly young persons. There is a pond and everybody goes in swimming.

"Just guess how I spent the whole of last Saturday afternoon," he demanded, disgustedly, as we met on the corner.

"Three solid hours, sitting on the ground behind a girl in a hammock, who let her wet hair hang over the back and made me brush it dry!"

SERENA LAMB.